

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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## Land of the Abegweitans.

IMPRESSIONS GAINED ON A SUMMER TRIP TO PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

BY ALLEN H. WRIGHT.

IT was one of the most delightful summer trips that I ever took," began Uncle Jim, "that time I went down the St. Lawrence River, after spending a few days at Montreal. I was on my way to a land new to me, and there is always pleasure in anticipation, sometimes followed, however, by disappointment when the goal is reached. On this trip, though, to Prince Edward Island, no disappointment followed.

"This island, if you will refer to your maps, will be found in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, well to the south end of that body of water, and lying north of Nova Scotia and easterly of New Brunswick. Like them, it is now a part of the Dominion of Canada, although for many years it maintained a separate existence and even issued its own postage stamps, as Jack can tell you by looking at the page in his album set apart for the stamps that were issued by Prince Edward Island.

"The million-acre farm' and 'the garden of the gulf' are two of the titles which the people of Prince Edward Island give to their section of the world. The island contains considerably more than a million acres, however, and it is the boast of the inhabitants that practically the whole of it is under cultivation, and as one goes by rail or highway, in either direction, east or west, from Charlottetown, the capital, a city of some twelve thousand people, there will be seen, stretching away for miles, beautiful farm lands, with pretty homes nestling among the trees.

"Royalty is well represented in the place-names on the island, which is natural,

as it is under the British flag. Thus the three counties bear the names, Kings, Queens, and Prince, and the cities and towns are found with such names as Georgetown, Royalton, Fredericton and Alberton.

"It would be hard to find any other piece of land of similar size much more indented with bays than is Prince Edward Island. It is crescent-shaped, with the two horns at North and East Capes, about one hundred thirty miles apart, while the island has a general width of thirty miles. At no place does the land rise more than

five hundred feet above the level of the sea."

"Where did the island get its name," queried Tom.

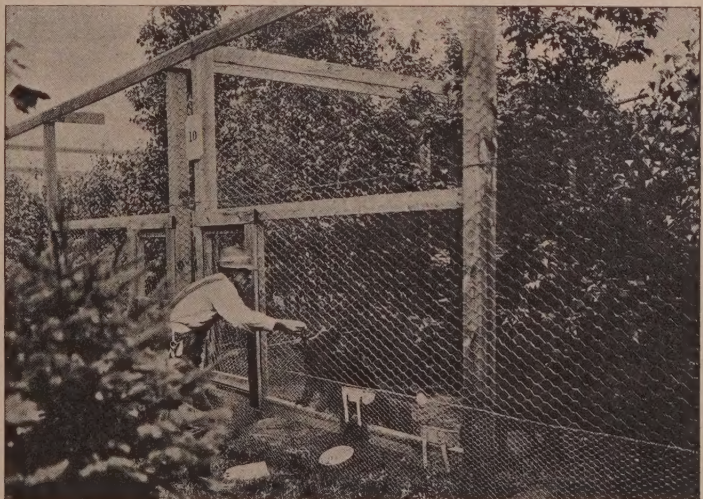
"I was wondering who would be the first to ask that," was Uncle Jim's comment. "I always like to hear some one ask me a question like that, for I might overlook something, and it is quite an important point this time.

"You have been reading lately about the visit of the Prince of Wales to America, and his trip is reviving interest in Canada and Canadian places. This island of which I am telling you was formerly known as 'the Isle of St. Jean,' but about 1800 it was changed to Prince Edward Island, in honor of Edward, Duke of Kent, who was the father of Queen Victoria, and she was the great-grandmother of the present Prince of Wales, the young traveler of to-day.

"In Charlottetown he could visit a college which bears the same title as his own, which is the name always given to the eldest son of the British sovereign. This capital city has an interesting history, dating back to 1773, two years before our own Declaration of Independence was signed.

"You never could guess what the people of Prince Edward Island are generally called. It is very easy for us to remember that the people of Canada as a whole are called Canadians, and that the people of France are called French, and so on, but take our own case as people of the United States, how odd it would sound to be called 'United States-ers,' or something like that. So we are generally known as Americans, or more generally, since the great war, as Yankees, whether we come from the North or the South.

"Well, to get back to the name of the people of Prince Edward Island: Of course, they could be called 'Prince Edward Islanders,' but they prefer to be



"The foxes become quite tame through the attentions of the 'fox-farmer.'"



known as 'Abegweitans,' the name 'Abegweit' having been the Indian title of the island, meaning 'cradled on the waves.'

"Naturally a land situated as is Prince Edward Island should be a fisherman's paradise, and so it is, the streams of the island abounding in trout, while the sea furnishes a livelihood for many of the islanders, and the annual catch passes the million-dollar mark.

"One industry which I found there that is quite unusual is that of raising black foxes for their beautiful furs. The foxes are kept in wire-netted yards, much as one would keep goats or chickens, and become quite tame through the attentions of the 'fox-farmer.' The furs bring fancy prices in the markets, and many of them find their way to our American cities.

"Easily reached in these days of numerous steamers plying the St. Lawrence or going up the coast of New England, it is the prediction of your Uncle Jim that Prince Edward Island, 'the garden of the gulf,' will soon grow beyond its present population of a little more than a hundred thousand people."

### Dependence.

BY L. M. WESTON.

OUR life depends on things we eat;  
On milk and eggs, and corn and wheat.  
The farmer is, without a doubt,  
A man the world can't do without.

The farmer knows just when to seed,  
And how to fight bug, worm, and weed;  
A wondrous occupation this,  
So full of work, and care, and bliss.

He rises early in the morn,  
And watches fields of wheat and corn;  
But still, he cannot raise the grain,  
Unless God gives him sun and rain.

The world depends upon the farm  
In times of peace, or war's alarm.  
But he who tills the fruitful sod,  
For harvests, must depend on God.

### Lottie-Lot's Last Lie.

BY VLYN JOHNSON.

WHEN Lottie-Lot woke up that bright spring morning, her eyes rested first of all upon her shining new shoes. She had placed them on a chair close beside her bed. So she could hardly help seeing them the very first thing.

Lottie-Lot lived on an island far away from the United States, an island where it was so warm that shoes were not needed as they are here. This is the island of Trinidad. But little girls, like Lottie-Lot, whose parents were eager to have them look well, always wore shoes. Her brothers could go without, but never the girls, except when they were playing around their own homes.

Lottie-Lot's parents tried hard to keep their children in decent clothes.

"Even if I am just a hard-working colored man I want my little girls to wear shoes to school," said their father. And so they always had shoes, although sometimes they were much patched. The pair Lottie-Lot was now wearing for every-day were very much patched. And she was thinking of that as she said softly:

"You beautiful new shoes! I wonder

if mother wouldn't let me wear you to school, it is such a lovely day."

The days in the island of Trinidad are often lovely. This little island belongs to the great country of Great Britain, and lies not very far from the coast of South America. It is one of the British West Indies.

Columbus, the great discoverer of our own country, also discovered this tiny island in 1498. And it is said that he called it Trinidad, a Spanish name that means "Three peaks." There are three mountain-peaks near the shore where he landed. Just about three hundred years later Trinidad was taken by Great Britain. So Lottie-Lot lived in a very old and interesting island, and she was very proud of her home.

When her sister Louise heard her whisper that maybe their mother would let Lottie-Lot wear the new shoes to school, she woke right up.

"The very idea, Lottie-Lot! You know perfectly well that mother would never let you wear them for common until they had been your best shoes for months and months."

"I don't know any such thing," Lottie-Lot declared obstinately. "My others are so patched, I won't wear *them*, that is certain; and I can't go barefoot. So I'll just have to wear my new ones."

But Lottie-Lot knew well that she would not be allowed to do this, and so when her mother just laughed at the idea, she put on her old patched shoes without a word and set off for school. Even her father, who always petted her because she was the baby, had said there was no use asking such a thing.

"It is all I can do to keep you in any shoes at all, Lottie-Lot. And if mother were not such a good manager, probably you would have to go barefoot. Now run along, and don't think about your shoes. It is about your head that you want to think. That is what school is for."

So Lottie-Lot had said nothing more, but she had not looked at all happy nor agreeable when she left the house. She lingered behind Louise and her brothers. She would not speak to any one, and so she was soon left to herself.

When she came to the bridge over the brook, Lottie-Lot looked down into the water and saw a very angry face there. It was her own. But she would not smile at it and so make it look pleasant. Instead she stood for such a long time in silence that she no longer heard her brothers and Louise. They were indeed out of sight. Then Lottie-Lot did an odd thing.

She sat down on the edge of the bridge and began to examine her shoes again. And pretty soon, after some very strange actions, Lottie-Lot jumped up and dashed off toward the schoolhouse.

But she didn't get there that day. Just as she was nearly there, she ran right into her Uncle John. Now this brother of her mother's was very proud of Lottie-Lot. She was quite a favorite with him, in fact. But of all the people whom she did not want to see just then, her Uncle John was the foremost.

And one glance into his eyes showed her that he had discovered something odd about her appearance. He was so astonished that he lifted her right off her feet, and indeed he looked only at her feet,

both when they were still on the ground, and when they were much nearer.

"Why, Lottie-Lot! You are coming to school barefooted. What does this mean? Does your mother know?"

Lottie-Lot looked up, and then down, and then up.

"Yes," she said under her breath. For surely then he would let her go into school. It was the very first time in her life that Lottie-Lot had ever told a lie. No mother and father in all the world were ever more strict in training their children to tell the truth than these plain, self-respecting colored people.

So Lottie-Lot knew that now she had done a worse thing than taking off her shoes and stockings. She had told a real lie. What would happen now, she did not know. But she did hope Uncle John would put her down and let her go to school.

Instead of that, she found him making great strides right back to her home. Not a word did he say for some time. Then when he found how she was trembling, he said:

"Poor barefoot baby, don't you cry. Uncle John will fix this all up."

Her mother was at the door as they came up. Her face was very grave. Lottie-Lot could not tell whether she saw the bare feet or not. But she said not a word.

"Sarah," Uncle John spoke hotly, "we are only poor colored people, I know, but we have lived on this island all our lives and our parents before us. We have always been able to put shoes on our girls. Now if you can't get shoes for Lottie-Lot to wear to school, I will."

"Did Lottie-Lot tell you that I sent her to school barefoot?"

"Yes, she did when I asked her. I met her just this side of the schoolhouse and I carried her home. I would not have her shame us by coming back in her bare feet."

"Lottie-Lot" (her mother did not raise her voice, but somehow it went through Lottie-Lot's heart like a knife), "where are the shoes you wore when you started to school this morning?"

"I dropped—I lost—them."

"You lost them, you dropped them, when they were laced on your feet?"

"I—I—unlaced them."

"Then you took them off?"

"Yes."

"And dropped them into the brook?"

But Lottie-Lot was crying too hard to answer now. And moreover Uncle John set her down very hard on her bare feet. Then he spoke in a stranger voice than her mother's.

"Lottie-Lot, have you told me a lie?"

"Oh—oh—yes—yes—O mother!"

She turned blindly toward her mother, wondering if she would refuse to take her to her heart. Surely that would just kill Lottie-Lot!

But her mother was not so cruel as that. She drew the sobbing girl close to her heart.

"It is your first lie, Lottie-Lot. It is the most terrible thing you have ever done. It was wicked enough to throw away your shoes, patched though they were; but to lie to your Uncle John is something worse than I ever dreamed of my children could do. There must be the hardest punishment that you have ever had. But that will not wipe out the lie. What will you do about that?"



"Oh, I will ask God to help me never to tell another one in all my life. Can I ask Him now?"

Her mother drew her into the hall. Her Uncle John came, too. Then Lottie-Lot knelt down and folded her hands while she prayed God.

"Dear God, I make this promise with all my heart. And no matter how my punishment hurts I will not complain nor ask for it to be made any easier. I have been so wicked I ought to die right now; but if you will give me another chance, I will never tell another lie, and I will wear my patched shoes just as long as my parents want me to. But most of all, I will never tell a lie again. Amen."

Lottie-Lot is grown up now. She doesn't live in Trinidad any more. She lives here in our own country. Her Uncle John and her mother are quite old. But whenever Lottie-Lot writes to them she always ends her letter by saying:

"I have kept my promise, even when sometimes it has been dreadfully hard."

### The Sheltie Stories.

BY EDNA S. KNAPP.

#### 4. CARL'S LONELY WALK.

WE had missed my dear Special Person for several days and I could not understand it until I heard Master Carl say with a big sigh: "I wish Doris hadn't gone to visit Aunt Isabel. It is so lonesome without her."

"Think how glad you will be to see her back," suggested Miss Mary.

"I wanted to go over past Dollar Pond and see how many pheasants we could find," continued Master Carl.

"You and I might go together," said Miss Mary, as she held out her hand to him. "It is nice to have a sister to play with you, and I am glad that you and Doris love each other so much."

"Tatters likes Lady Bess the same way I like Doris," remarked Master Carl. "Maybe the ponies are lonesome without Doris, too. Can't they go with us?"

"They can," agreed Miss Mary. "I will open the little door if you will unfasten their stall."

I whinnied with pleasure at the sight of them and looked around in search of my Special Person, thinking perhaps she might come. "She does miss Sister," said Master Carl. Then out I darted through the open door, with Tatters frisking at my heels. We were always so glad to be outdoors and with the kind house-folks.

"Now let us start for the big cornfield and Dollar Pond," said Miss Mary, holding her hand out to Master Carl again. I tucked my head up close to her arm, for she seemed the next best thing to Miss Doris, and Tatters followed closed behind.

"Here's fat little Nixie-Dog," laughed Miss Mary. "How he pants!"

"He was lonesome, too," declared Master Carl.

"Here comes Kittykin," added Miss Mary, as the prettiest of the barn cats rubbed purring at her feet.

Master Carl stooped to pet Kittykin, but Nixie-Dog tried to drive her away. Up went Kittykin's back, her tail grew immense, and she drove Nixie-Dog clear back to the barn.

"Kittykin isn't lonesome without Nixie-Dog," laughed Master Carl.

"Doggy will have to keep his distance, but he is coming, just the same," said Miss Mary, looking back.

"The Banties are coming, too," cried Master Carl, as these pets of the children fell into line.

"Perhaps they are lonesome without Doris," said Miss Mary, smiling.

"Here come the ducks, Mr. Drake, and one, two, three, no, seven of the Duck ladies," exclaimed Master Carl.

"And six little pigs," added Miss Mary.

"It seems like a procession," said the little boy. "Do you suppose all the other animals would come if they were loose?"

"I really believe they would," said Miss Mary. I agreed with her because every animal on the place loved the good house-folks, but I didn't say anything; I only rubbed my nose against Miss Mary's soft woolly sleeve and she stooped to pat me.

"The parade is over, though, because Mrs. Pig is calling her children back," said Master Carl.

"Mr. Drake says his family will have just time for a bath before supper, so there they go," remarked Miss Mary.

"The Banties are tired, so they are go-

ing home, too," added Master Carl. The people, the ponies, the cat, and the dog kept on to the cornfield, where Nixie-Dog scared up a whole flock of pheasants. I wasn't interested in the birds at all, but Tatters and I always enjoy a walk with our friends from the house. We all came back together, too.

### Horseshoes For Luck.

BY EDWARD H. LETCHWORTH.

ONCE upon a time in the long, long ago, before automobiles were invented,—so it must have been a long time ago,—a small boy named David was trudging over a dusty road in the country. The sun was hot and the trees were far apart, but he kept on. He was a messenger-boy who had to support his widowed mother, and he was taking a telegram to a city boarder at a farmhouse four miles outside the town where he lived. They had told him that it was important to deliver the telegram promptly. He wondered why it was important and why he had to hurry when it was so hot.

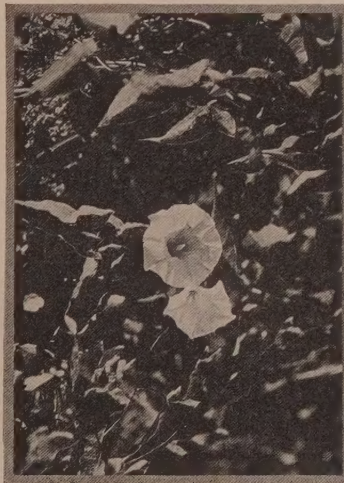
Just then he came to a little stream near the road, and saw a crowd of his friends splashing in the cool swimming-pool in the shadow of a big tree. "My, how good that water would feel!" he thought. The boys saw him, and yelled, "Come on in, the water's fine!" He stood still, wiping his perspiring face, and swallowing hard,—a dusty swallow. He looked longingly at the boys and then back at a yellow envelope in his hands. How he did want to join them!

As David glanced down, his eyes caught a circular something in the dust at his feet. He stooped and picked it up. It was an old rusty horseshoe. "Good!" he said to himself. "Horseshoes for luck! Now I can go swimming and it will be all right," and he started across the field.

Just then he heard a little voice—he thought it came from the horseshoe, but perhaps it was inside himself—saying, "Good luck can't come if you don't do your duty." He stopped short, hung the old horseshoe carefully on the fence, and tramped off along the road. "I guess my luck is that I can have a good swim on my way back," he thought. "Of course it's my duty to deliver the telegram promptly. That is what the sender pays for."

Soon he reached the house and delivered his telegram to a prosperous old man, who opened and read it with a puzzled look. Then he glanced at the boy and said: "Sit down and cool off. Why are you walking so far on such a hot day,—and so fast too, because it is only an hour since this telegram reached the office?" David told him that he had to earn money to support his widowed mother; that this was all he could find to do, though it did not pay very well, and was hard work. Some day he hoped to get a job in the city where he could earn more and also go to a better school.

"Well," said the man, "this is certainly a piece of luck. This telegram is from my brother, asking me to find him a good reliable country boy while I am here, to work in his store afternoons and go to school mornings. I like your looks and



Morning-glories.

BY N. S. HOAGLAND.

MORNING-GLORIES when they climb,

Upward seeking toward the light,  
Can be seen, at any time,  
Turning, turning to the Right!

Following the sun, they rise,  
Yielding to his light and grace,  
Till the splendor of the skies  
Makes a glory in their face.

So the upward-climbing soul,  
Would it rise to higher things,  
Would it reach the Perfect Whole,  
Need not wait to grow its wings;

But begin just where it rests,  
On the lowly clods of earth,  
Yield to the divine behests  
Urging it to higher worth;

Follow faithfully the light,  
Which each day pours forth anew,  
Always turning to the Right,—  
Thus its shining way pursue.





## THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

30 BROMFIELD STREET,  
WOLLASTON, MASS.

*My Dear Miss Buck,*—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Wollaston, Mass. My teacher is Mrs. Briggs, and the superintendent is Miss Lawrance.

Miss Lawrance is going to give a pageant of Ruth. I am going to be in it.

I like the stories in *The Beacon* and especially the enigmas and other puzzles.

I am ten years old and am in the sixth grade of school.

Yours truly,

NINA BARNES.

HANSKA, MINN.

*Dear Miss Buck,*—I go to the Unitarian church and Sunday school of this community. Rev. A. Norman is our Sunday-school teacher and minister. He has a large class, and we are at present studying the book "Our Part in the World." I have also a smaller sister and brother going to Sunday school too. I am fourteen years old and am in the first year of high school.

Every Sunday I am present at Sunday school I receive *The Beacon*, which I enjoy very much. I enjoy all its stories whether short or long, and especially the Recreation Corner, which gives both work and rest.

you are certainly dependable. If you want the place you can have it." The bargain was quickly made, and David started back with a light heart. After a refreshing swim, he carried the old horseshoe carefully home to his mother with his story, saying to her, "And it is all due to the horseshoe that brought us good luck."

His mother smiled at him in the way only mothers know how to smile, and said "Davy, dear, it was not the horseshoe that brought us this—it was your own better self; doing your duty first and playing afterwards is the best 'horseshoe for luck' the world has ever known."

### Church School News.

AT the Easter service of the Unitarian church at Lynn there was a ceremony of the service flag, in which troops of Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts connected with the church took part. The pride and loyalty of these young people for their church, and their pleasure in taking part in one of the church services, were evident.

Pageants in celebration of Easter were given in a number of our church schools. The one prepared by Fannie Wilder Brown was repeated in the Second Church, Brookline, and given in eight other schools. A new one written by Frances M. Dadmun was given in her school and also at the Second Church, Boston, Charleston, S.C., and Cincinnati, Ohio. The one written by Prof. H. Augustine Smith was given at San Diego, Calif., and in Plainfield, N.J. Miss Harriet Johnson again prepared a pageant for use in her own school in Arlington Street Church, Boston.

A few days ago we had a large snowstorm in Hanska, leaving tracks (snowpiles) all over, and it was very cold to be March; but now we all enjoy the snowdrifts very much and especially the large ones, and I presume you know how and why we all enjoy them. We have skiing, coasting, and snowball-fighting games sometimes, which I consider a great deal of fun.

I would like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear the badge.

Your new member,

MYRTLE O. PAULSON.

352 PLEASANT STREET,  
BELMONT, MASS.

*Dear Miss Buck,*—I enjoy reading *The Beacon* and solving the enigmas—very much. Our class has combined with another class and formed a club called the Lincoln Club, and we are going to give a play. I should like very much to join your club.

Sincerely yours,

NORTON OSBORN.

8 FREMONT STREET,  
LOWELL, MASS.

*My Dear Miss Buck,*—I would like to join the Beacon Club. I am thirteen years old. I am in the eighth grade and go to All Souls Sunday school.

I have written to Rachel Curtis in the Tennessee mountains.

Sincerely yours,

MARION K. WILSON.

### A Code For Girls.

A CLASS of girls in our Montreal church school has prepared a "code" by which to live. Two of the responses to the teacher's request that each one write a code are here given.

"The first might be called, "What to do each day":

Do at least one kind deed, helping somebody in need.

Pray and sing some.

Play and work some.

Laugh and smile a lot.

Study whole-heartedly.

Sew, and read at least one chapter of a good book.

Do all required of me cheerfully.

The second, here slightly condensed, expresses a general aim:

Try to be truthful.

Be courteous at all times.

Do your tasks without grumbling.

Try to overcome dislikes.

Be cheerful, especially in times of hardship.

Speak well of people or else keep your feelings to yourself.

Be a sport.

Do not be narrow-minded.

Try to find an aim in life and keep your standards high.

Try to lead a healthy, happy life.

The class worked over these suggestions and made their own code in short form. The editor believes that the more concrete expression contained in the two answers here given will prove helpful to some of our girl readers. Will each girl who wrote these codes for conduct and each one who uses one of these or any other put "I will" before each line, and so make the rule for life her *very own*?

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA LXIX.

I am composed of 54 letters.

My 3, 7, 8, 9, 16, 19, is a man's name.

My 2, 17, 19, 14, 21, is to change.

My 5, 24, 37, 44, 20, 41, is a color.

My 18, 28, 29, 38, 35, 3, 50, 11, 40, is on the day before to-day.

My 47, 54, is you.

My 13, 26, 22, 23, 5, is a flower.

My 4, 15, 25, 8, is a young animal.

My 6, 1, 30, is a drink.

My 53, 48, 33, 10, is something on the beach.

My 27, 52, 12, 29, 31, 32, 49, is a relative.

My 34, 43, 45, is something that we wear.

My 51, 9, 4, 5, is not dry.

My 46, 36, 40, is dried grass.

My 27, 22, 10, is a young goat.

My *whole* is a well-known couplet.

ETHEL S. WILLIAMS.

### ENIGMA LXX.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 1, 12, 13, 4, is a girl's name.

My 1, 2, 3, is good to eat.

My 6, 4, 11, is a boy's nickname.

My 3, 10, 3, 12, is one whom we all love.

My 8, 10, 13, is a verb.

My 6, 7, 8, 9, is an adjective.

My *whole* was a President of the United States.

MIRIAM MANTLE.

### CHARADES.

My first is proper, formal, stiff;

My second is the flowers' queen;

Fragrant and small, by lane and wall,

My *whole* is often seen.

My first was tall and rugged,

And wild in days gone by;

My second fled before him

As fast as they could fly;

My *whole* on many a hill and plain

Of this wide land still lie.

Youth's Companion.

### SHORTENED WORDS.

Behold and curtail the following:

1. Beautified public grounds, and get Noah's house.

2. Verities, and get one of the books of the Bible.

3. Pretences, and get one of Noah's sons.

4. To escape, and get a grandson of Noah, mentioned in Genesis x.

5. Place of refuge, or safe harbors, and get a plain denounced by Amos in Amos i.

E. A. CALL.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 31.

ENIGMA LXV.—The American Legion Weekly.

ENIGMA LXVI.—Booker T. Washington.

A. A MISSING VOWEL.—The letter "e."

Persevere, ye meekest men,

Ever keep these precepts ten.

REARRANGED WORDS.—Spot, tops, stop, post, pots.

RHYMING WORDS.—Rock, block, dock, shock, clock, cock, flock, frock, knock, lock.

## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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